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SUMMARY OF NEWS.

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Politics of Europe.

After all our recent interruptions, we return again with renewed zest and pleasure to the accustomed routine of our daily labours, in the hope that we shall continue to pursue them with as much zeal as ever, and that they may be as productive of interest and benefit as the sphere of their circulation and the nature of the subjects to which they are directed will admit.

The Shipping Report of yesterday contained no Arrivals from Sea; nor did the Dawks from the other Presidencies bring us any Papers from thence.

A Letter from Madras, from a respectable House of Agency which came yesterday to a Gentleman in Calcutta, connected with the Naval Department of the Commander in Chief, has the following remarkable paragraph.

"A report has gained credit here, of an Overland Dispatch having been received from Bombay, announcing that Great Britain had declared War against Russia."

In this, as in all other instances in which we give to the Public the rumours that are afloat, we merely perform our duty in stating them as rumours, and shewing the foundation on which they rest; to be believed or discredited at the Reader's pleasure. In those eventful days, we hardly know whether War be likely to happen or not. For ourselves, we should regret deeply, in common, we believe, with most of our countrymen in India, the occurrence of any thing that could embroil England with any country upon earth. We may hope that the rumour is unfounded; but must suspend our judgement till we know something more positive than this.

The last Ships from England having completed our regular Files of Papers from the 9th of July to the 12th of August, we shall require some days to clear away the mere Selections that are necessary to be given from them, and this will necessarily so occupy our space as to leave little room for Editorial remarks. These, however, may be well spared, when their place will be filled by such as we shall have occasion to introduce from the English Prints, to shew the general tone and feeling of the Public and Public Writers at home.

London Courier, Monday Evening, August 6, 1821.—The intelligence brought by the foreign arrivals since our last leaves us in nearly the same state of doubt as to what may be the definitive measures of Russia with respect to Turkey. As far as rumours may be credited, indeed, there is every appearance of warlike preparation; nay, some accounts add that the preliminary act of hostility has taken place by the entrance of a part of the Russian army into the territories of the Porte. Austria, on the other hand, is represented as adopting a somewhat curious policy. She means to "content herself," it is said, with concentrating an army to guard her frontiers, and with "putting thirty thousand men at the disposal of the Emperor ALEXANDER, in compliance with ancient treaties still in vigor." This mixture of neutrality and offensive alliance, of merely defending her frontiers, and of dispatching a large force against the Ottomans, is, it must be confessed, not very intelligible.

The fact undoubtedly is, that the question of interference is surrounded on every side with great difficulties. Russia cannot stir singly, without exciting the just jealousy of Europe, for it would not be easy to shew what individual cause of quarrel

she can have, powerful enough to render war necessary. The squabbles between Baron STROGONOFF and the Reis Effendi, are not of such a mortal character, that conciliation is impracticable. She is, besides, well aware, that any attempt on her part to create a motive for going to war with Turkey at the present moment, would be scrutinised with more than ordinary suspicion. On the other hand, it might not exactly suit the politics of St. Petersburg, that a Russian army should take the field merely to give effect to any general system of policy agreed upon between the High Allied Powers, for the purpose of restraining those cruelties which continue to outrage human nature, and for restoring tranquillity to the Turkish Empire. It would be a rare and difficult act of self-denial, we apprehend, for Russia to dictate terms as a conqueror, and then retire within her own limits.

We are extremely sorry to announce the serious indisposition of Lady FITZWILLIAM. The family were to have left Milton on Friday (Aug. 3.) for Wentworth House, but were prevented by the sudden illness of her Ladyship, which was so serious as to cause Lord MILTON to be sent for by express from Doncaster, where he was attending his duty as an Officer, in the Southern Regiment of Yeomanry Cavalry. Her Ladyship was somewhat better on Tuesday, but not so much so as to afford any very sanguine hopes of her recovery. The whole family, and especially her venerable Lord, are involved in the greatest anxiety and distress.—*Wakefield Journal.*

Assassination of Prince Hohenlohe.—*Brussels, August 1.*—A Journal printed at Mons says, that "the Prince ALEXANDER of Hohenlohe, who has been much spoken of for some time past, as working miracles, has been assassinated by a student, who immediately killed himself." In its next number the same Journal says, "Prince HOHENLOHE was at the waters of Buehau; his assassin is a Student of the University of Warzburg, named HOFFMAN. Accounts since received say, that the Prince's wound is happily not mortal. We are surprised that this news, which is given in the Journals of Dusseldorf and Aix-la-Chapelle, is not mentioned by those of Frankfort."

The Duke of SUSSEX honored Mr. and Mrs. BRAHAM, by standing in person, sponsor to their young child, a son, in Tavistock-square, on Thursday last. The child was baptized by the names of AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, by desire of his Royal Highness. After the ceremony, twenty-six persons sat down to an elegant dinner, among whom were the Duke of SUSSEX, Earl POMFRET, Sir F. BURDETT, &c. In the evening, the company, consisting of a very numerous and elegant party, were highly gratified by the vocal performances of Mr. BRAHAM, Miss GOODALL, and Madame CATALANI. Madame CATALANI sang some Italian airs with exquisite taste, and was admirably supported by Mr. BRAHAM. The conclusion was "God save the King," sung by CATALANI and BRAHAM in the most impressive manner.

We are informed that a letter has been received from his Grace the Duke of ATHOLL, in which his Grace states that, having a private audience of his MAJESTY, he asked whether it was his MAJESTY's intention to visit Scotland this season, as was reported. His MAJESTY's answer was that he had no such intention this season, but that he might probably be disposed to gratify the people of Scotland next season. We understand that his MAJESTY was so pleased with the Falcons, which his Grace the Duke of ATHOLL presented at the Coronation, that he ordered them again to be produced at the Levee.—*Perth Courier.*

Genuine Instance of Blundering.—At a late fair of Ballinasloe, a rich grazier, being in his cups, made a boast that he and three other pot companions had contrived to swallow sixteen bottles of port at one sitting. "Pray, Sir," said a Gentleman present, "would you have the goodness to give us the names of the three other brutes, that were engaged with you?" "That I will," says he: "there was Tom Matthews—that's one; the two Grogans—that's two; myself—that's three; and—(after a long pause)—why, by my soul there were four of us—Let me see—(reckoning upon his fingers)—there's the two Grogans—that's one; myself—that's two; Tom Matthews—that's three;—and—by the Lord I forget the name of the other; but I know that there were four of us any how."

Discovery Ship's.—These Ships "left Orkney, May 30; good voyage across. June 13th, fell in with ice within 62 miles of Resolution Island; made fast to an ice-berg. Obligated to put out to sea six times on account of fog and drift ice. Regained situations June 23d, but immediately driven to sea by a violent gale. 25th, 127 miles from Resolution Island. 30th, all safe, in good health and spirits; 17 live fat oxen on board, but rather deficient in hay."—Letter from a man on board the *Hecla*, brought by the transport and apparently put on shore at Berwick.—*Inverness Courier*.

Death of Lady Louisa Conolly.—It falls to our painful duty to record the death of this virtuous and truly patriotic character. Her Ladyship expired on Thursday morning last, (August 2), about four o'clock, at Castletown House, county Kildare. Her death was occasioned by a (presumed) abscess on the hip, under which she suffered much for above two months, with a fortitude and resignation which a long life of exemplary piety and benevolence could alone enable her to exert. This inestimable Lady seemed to take no pleasure but in doing good to others, and lessening the sum of human misery as far as she could ascertain, either by private information or actual observation. Her list of poor pensioners was extremely numerous; her occasional charities unceasing and unlimited; and she supported a school of about 600 Children at Celbridge. She has frequently sent considerable sums to persons in distressed circumstances, who were ashamed to ask relief, and often by a mode so concealed that their benefactress could not be known. Her Ladyship's income is said to have been 8,000*l.* a year, and never was a share of fortune's gifts more auspiciously distributed—never had affluence a more worthy possessor—never did riches come into hands more magnificently liberal, for, perhaps, it would not be too much to say that she expended more in real charity, annually, than any Prince or crowned Head in Europe. The loss, the affliction, that must be occasioned by her death—but that is a subject on which it would be painful to enlarge. In point of family, Lady Louisa Conolly stands in the highest rank. She was relict of the Right Hon'ble Thomas Conolly, and related to no fewer than five Dukes, amongst whom are Leinster, Wellington, and Richmond, as she was also related to the Marchioness of Londonderry, and several persons of the first distinction. The fine mansion of Castletown, the largest country-house in the British empire, together with the estate, devolves, we believe, to Colonel Edward Pakenham, of the Donegal Militia.—*Courier*.

Cliffs of Seaford.—Last Thursday, as Lord Pelham and the Earl of Sheffield, were taking an airing on horseback on the Downs, near the Cliffs of Seaford, his Lordship's horse, being a spirited one, took fright at some distant object, and pushing off at full speed, most happily dismounted his Lordship, before he could recover his seat which the sudden start had dispossessed him of (riding at a pleasurable place, and with one foot in the stirrup), as the poor animal, instigated by his fright, continued his course toward the Cliff, and, frightful to relate, went headlong over it, by which he was precipitated to a depth of nearly 100 feet, and of course dashed to pieces. It is with great pleasure we add, that the young Lord providentially escaped the accident, without receiving any injury.—*Sussex Advertiser*.

Liberty of Speaking.—Henry the Fourth of France read every thing that was published concerning his operations. Under his reign every one enjoyed free liberty of speaking, writing, and

publishing; and truth, which he sought after every where, came in her turn the throne to seek him. Being desired to punish an author who had written some free satires on the Court—"No," said this good Prince, "it would be against my conscience to trouble an honest man for having told the truth."

Paris, August 5.—*The Greek Patriarch.*—Gregory, the pious and venerable Patriarch of Constantinople, who fell a victim to the infatuation and revenge, of the populace, in the 80th year of his age, was a native of Peloponnesus.—He was first consecrated to the Archiepiscopal See of Smyrna, where he left honourable testimonials of his piety and Christian virtues. Translated to the Patriarchal throne of Constantinople, he occupied it at three distinct periods, for under the Mussulman despotism was introduced and perpetuated, the anticanonical custom of frequently changing the head of the Greek clergy.—During his first Patriarchate he had the good fortune to save the Greek Christians from the fury of the Divan, who had it in contemplation to make that people responsible for the French expedition into Egypt. He succeeded in preserving his country from the hatred of the Turks, but was not the better treated for his interposition; the Turkish Government banished him to Mount Athos. Recalled to his See some years after, he was again exposed to great danger in consequence of the war with Russia; and on the appearance of an English fleet off Constantinople, the Patriarch was exiled anew to Mount Athos, and once more ascended his throne, on which he terminated his career. This Prelate invariably manifested the most rigid observance of his sacred duties; and in private life he was plain, affable, virtuous, and of an exemplary life. To him the merit is ascribed of establishing a patriarchate Press. He has left a numerous collection of pastory letters and sermons, which evince his piety and distinguished talents. He translated and printed in modern Greek, with annotations, the Apostolic Epistles.—He lived like a father among his diocesans, and the sort of death he died adds greatly to their sorrow and veneration for his memory. This Prelate had not taken the least share in the insurrection of the Greeks; he had even pronounced an anathema, dictated, indeed, by the Mussulman's sabres, but uttered to prevent the effusion of blood, and the massacre of the Greek Christians.

The celebrated astronomer, Dr. Herschel, passed several days of the last week at Dijon.

The new Opera house is completed, but the day for its opening is not fixed, owing to the slow progress in paving the neighbouring streets.—*Courier*.

Expenses of the Coronation.—Some pointed remarks have been made in the House of Commons on the subject of the expenses of the Coronation. We certainly think that it would have more becoming to have dispensed with this idle and useless ceremony. A period when all ranks of the people are sinking under the pressure of taxation, and when the necessity of economy and retrenchment has been admitted by Ministers themselves, does not appear to be very well chosen for incurring any heavy expense which could be easily avoided. We are not in a condition to be amused with the pomp and circumstance of an unmeaning pageant. But even if our finances were in the most flourishing state, the spirit of the age is not in unison with such an exhibition. Solemn fopperies impose on us no longer. We have learned to calculate ultimate cost, as well as present gratification. Every thing is now tried by the test of utility; and it is not with shews but with substances,—not with appearances but with realities,—that the present generation interest themselves. The glare of splendid fetes and processions may excite the stupid wonder of an ignorant, but it is altogether impossible that it should ever conciliate the respect or the esteem of an intelligent and sober-minded people. The increasing of the salary of the President of the United States from £6,000 a-year, at which it is at present fixed, to ten or twenty times that amount, would not certainly render that office, or the person by whom it is filled, more respectable in the eyes of any man of sense. Glittering emptiness, and ostentatious parade, are nowise conducive to the real dignity of any monarch or of any people; and

far from being any evidence of national prosperity, they are at once a proof and a cause of its decline; for they can be supported only at the expense of comforts, perhaps of necessities, wrung from the middle and lower classes.—*Scotsman*.

Corps of Janizaries.—Accounts received by express from Constantinople mention, that it had been resolved at a meeting of the Divan, at which three Deputies from the corps of Janizaries assisted, that the Ottoman army should forthwith be arranged according to the European model. This intelligence shews better than any thing else could do the critical state of the Turkish empire, and it is in this respect only that we consider it of the least importance. The expectations which some of our contemporaries seem to have formed from this resolution appear to us to be altogether visionary. Despotism, as the Turkish government unquestionably is, it is very far from possessing power sufficient to carry such a determination into effect. The religion of the Ottomans, their unconquerable prejudices, and their gross ignorance, utterly unfit them for acquiring a knowledge of the modern art of war. It is the nature of despotism continually to flatter itself that authority will supply every other deficiency; while its real effect most commonly is to render them still more glaring and obvious. An order from the SULTAN may change the discipline of the common soldiers, may divide them into regiments and companies, and force them to substitute the musket for the scymitar; but it will not, and cannot inspire them with a love of their country, nor render them intelligent officers, nor able engineers. The Turkish troops may have the external appearance, but they must ever be destitute of the spirit that animates a European army. MUSTAPHA, SELIM, and others, as able princes as ever filled the Ottoman throne, have already endeavoured to re-model the army, and to set bounds to the lawless extortion and rapine that prevails in every corner of the empire. But they failed in their attempts, and paid with their lives the forfeit of their rashness in having presumed to improve institutions which were in accordance with the word of the Prophet! The system is too powerful to be materially modified by the personal character of the Sovereign. The Turkish government may be easily subverted, but it will never be improved. So long as it is suffered to exist, the Pashas will continue, as they have hitherto done, to pillage and waste the provinces. The Divan will, in its turn, plunder and then strangle the Pashas. The people will be exclusively actuated by pride and fanaticism. The generals will oppose brute force to science and military skill; and every abuse will be aggravated, until this incoherent fabric of despotism and of superstition shall have fallen—a sacrifice to intestine commotions or foreign aggression.—*Scotsman*.

A Novel Race.—Mr. Timming, a farmer aged sixty, undertook on the 23d of July, over a half mile piece of ground, at Fell Inn, near Footscray, to do twenty miles in three hours, with his two sons, twelve and thirteen years of age. The father did the first mile in nine minutes, and the elder boy the second mile in six minutes; the third was done by the younger boy in seven minutes. The father did the fourth mile in ten minutes, and the boys did the remainder of the work at half miles. They won the match in ten minutes within the given time.

Coronation.—We have great pleasure in informing the Public, that Sir George Naylor, Clarenceux King of Arms, is preparing for publication, under the immediate sanction and by especial command of his Majesty, a full account of the Ceremonies observed at the Coronation, illustrated with plates by the first artists, of the costumes worn by the Peers and others composing the Procession; and also with views of the Abbey at the time of the crowning of the King, the performance of the homage of the Peers, and the Hall during the delivery of the Regalia, the Banquet, and the entry of the Champion. The proceedings of the Court of Claims, and all the arrangements previous to this great solemnity, will be detailed at large.—*Courier*.

All our Glories.—It is now pretty generally understood, that the above elegant and piquant production is from the pen of a well known ex-patriated Poet.—Indeed, there is but him, and one More, that we know of, capable of blending together so much severity of satire and genuine playfulness of wit.—*Star*.

Paris, July 27.—The Parisians, in general, have interested themselves very much about the various preparations relative to the Coronation of the King of England, and many, even among the lower classes, in France, were not less indignant at the inconceivable audacity of Queen Caroline, than were Englishmen, the most attached to their King, and the most rigid friends of decorum. As the earliest details of the Coronation ceremonial first appeared in *l'Etoile*, (a Sunday Evening Journal,) this Paper, on its being published, was eagerly sought for, and in the different saloons where it was read, only one opinion was entertained of the Queen's conduct.

It appears that the same pompous spectacle which has recently been exhibited to the English nation, will very shortly be displayed here. It is asserted that orders have been given to make preparations for crowning Louis the 18th. In fact, what obstacle can now intervene? Nothing exists to alarm the conscience of the Pope—who, notwithstanding the brief of excommunication, which he fulminated in 1810 against Buonaparte, did not the less persist in recognising in him, one who had received the Holy Unction. On this occasion, it is recollected that when at Rome, Mons. de Blacas entered upon the preliminaries of this negotiation; and whilst he was urging the rights of legitimacy, the Cardinal Gonsalvi opposed to him those of infallibility. The scruples of the Pope can only be attributable to an extreme sensibility of conscience, for certainly he was not paid to love Buonaparte. But if the temporal sovereign of the Roman State was rejoiced more than any other, to see the ancient order of things re-established in France, the chief of Christianity knew at the same time how to prefer his religious duty to his worldly affections. The existence of Buonaparte was then the only obstacle to the Coronation of the King of France; for, without being initiated in the multifarious details of the science called *etiquette*—without having studied the minutiae of the ceremonial, we regard as an absurd invention the rumour which has been circulated, and which, with some, has gained credit, that if Louis XVIII. did not cause himself to be crowned, the reason was, that in the course of the ceremony the King would be obliged to lie flat on the ground, with his face downwards, during an interval of four minutes, a prostration well known to be physically impossible to the King of France.—*Courier*.

Paris, July 28.—It appears decided that war is declared between Russia and Turkey; but what seems very singular is, that the rupture has originated with the GRAND SEIGNIOR. Russia is at present under no alarm with respect to Persia, having fifty-four thousand men along that part of her frontiers which border upon that kingdom. It may be remembered, that it was while the French occupied Moscow, that the last treaty of peace was signed between Russia and Persia.

Paris, July 28.—Letters from the frontiers of Turkey, dated June 25, say that the Dey of TUNIS has refused to comply with the invitation which the Porte has addressed to the Barbary States, to send their ships of war into the Archipelago to be employed against the Greeks. It is also added, that a similar refusal had previously been given by the Pasha of EGYPT.—*Quotedienne*.

Vienna, July 17.—Count de LUTZOW, our Internuncio at Constantinople, who has hitherto been endeavouring to render available the meditation of his Court, has now changed his tone, in consequence of the Porte having caused a Captain and five seamen, in the Austrian service, to be arrested, and their heads struck off without even the form of trial. It is not doubted that this circumstance will induce our Court to depart from that system of neutrality which it appeared to have adopted relatively to the differences between the Porte and Russia.—*Journal de Paris*.

Grand Naming!!!—We understand the most extensive preparations are making at the Royal Menagerie, Exeter-Change, to celebrate the naming of the four beautiful little Lions, which were whelped there on Sunday morning last (July 29); they are beyond all comparison, the finest ever produced in England, and the only instance of the kind that ever occurred there.

New Edinburgh Review.

On the 1st of August will be published, (to be continued Quarterly), price 6s. No. 1 of the *NEW EDINBURGH REVIEW*; containing:—Article 1. Waldegrave's Memoirs.—2. Passage of Hannibal over the Alps.—3. Legend of Argyle.—4. Animal Magnetism.—5. Anne Boleyn.—6. Lives of Eminent Scotsmen.—7. Cook's Life of Hill.—8. Hazlitt's Table Talk.—9. Notes on the Cape of Good Hope.—10. Luccock on Brazil.—11. Lord John Russell's Speech on Grampound Disfranchisement.—12. Climate for the Consumptive.—13. Parry's Voyage.—14. Croly's Paris in 1815.—15. M^cQueen on the Niger.—16. Lord Byron's Tragedy.—17. Annals of the Parish.—18. Constitutional Association.—List of Works published.—Notice of Works in the Press.—Printed for G. and W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria-lane; and J. Warren, Old Bond-street, London; and Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh.—*Advertisement in the London Courier, July 31. 1821.*

Augustburgh, July 20.—The movements of the Austrian troops in the provinces bordering upon Turkey, are to-day confirmed by all the advices which have reached us from that quarter. It is thought, that an Austrian army will enter the Ottoman territory at the same time with a Russian force, in order to re-establish tranquillity, and to protect the Greeks. It is announced that a Manifesto will be promptly promulgated. The negotiations between the Great Powers, which at present so intensely occupy the Diplomats, relate to this object.—*Constitutionnel.*

Nuremberg, July 21.—It is asserted that all hope of the adjustment of the differences which have arisen between the Ottoman Porte and Russia, are vanished. The Divan even refused the mediation offered by the Internuncio of Austria, in the name of his Court. In this state of things, we daily expect that a manifesto on the part of the two Imperial Courts, relatively to the affairs of Greece will be promulgated. On the other hand, it appears that the Porte has solicited the intervention of France and England. It is doubted whether this step will be attended with any success, inasmuch as the Ottoman Government has taken no measures to put an end to the massacres of which Constantinople is the theatre, and that the populace of that capital have been suffered to insult with impunity several of the foreign Ministers, and especially the Russian Ambassador.—*Idem.*

Constantinople, June 24.—During more than a month past, our city has been a continued scene of bloody and barbarous atrocities, of which no idea can be formed in the happy country you inhabit. The most horrible are, in the first place, the drownings (*noyades*) which have been daily repeated during the last fortnight. Men and women are conveyed on board the vessels before Scutari, where they are tied in half dozens, hand and foot, and thrown into the sea; this being done, when the wind is in a southerly direction, the bodies of these ill-fated victims are cast on shore before Constantinople. The Turks then assemble on the beach, and, with savage ferocity, fire, with pistols, at the inanimate remains, and cut them in pieces, which they throw to the dogs.

They are particularly rancorous against the inhabitants of the Morea; the populace seize every native of this province whom they can discover, and if he has not sufficient money about him to prove that he is not a Morean, his throat is instantly cut.

But the most horrible scenes were those which took place after the defeat of the Turkish fleet in the Archipelago. On the wrecks reaching the coast, a new massacre commenced, and the *noyades* were doubled. It is impossible to describe to you our state. Every day we witness horrors at which human nature shudders. History offers no example of such multiplied barbarities, perpetrated with so much *sang froid* upon defenceless and peaceable beings.

A new fleet is actively preparing here. The seamen are, in general, composed of the Greek shoe-makers of the Archipelago, who are forced to go on board; but if this fleet should sail, it will only serve to increase the naval forces of the Greeks.—*Idem.*

Specimens of the Russian Poets.

Intended to exhibit, in its different characteristics, one branch of the infant Literature of an extraordinary and powerful nation.

BY JOHN BOWRING, F. L. S.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.—FROM THE KHERSONIDA.

O thou unutterable Potentate!
Through Nature's vast extent sublimely great!
Thy lovely form the flower-decked field discloses,
Thy smiles are seen in Nature's sunny face:
Milk-coloured lilies and wild blushing roses
Are bright with Thee:—Thy voice of gentleness
Speaks in the light-winged whispering zephyrs playing
Midst the young boughs, or o'er the meadows straying;
Thy breath gives life to all; below, above,
And all things revel in thy light and love,
But here, on these gigantic mountains, here
Thy greatness, glory, wisdom, strength, and spirit,
In terrible sublimity appear!
Thy awe-imposing voice is heard,—we hear it!
Th' Almighty's fearful voice; attend, it breaks
The silence, and in solemn warnings speaks:
His the light tones that whisper midst the trees;
His, his the whistling of the busy breeze;
His, the storm-thunder roaring, rattling round,
When element with element makes war
Amidst the echoing mountains: on whose bound,*
Whose highest bound he drives his fiery car
Glowing like molten-iron; or enshrined
In robes of darkness, riding on the wind
Across the clouded vault of heav'n:—What eye
Has not been dazzled by Thy majesty?
Where is the ear that has not heard Thee speak?
Thou breathest!—forest-oaks of centuries
Turn their uprooted trunks towards the skies.
Thou thunderest!—adamantine mountains break,
Tremble, and totter, and apart are riven!
Though lightenest! and the rocks inflame; Thy power
Of fire to their metallic bosom driven,
Melts and devours them:—Lo! they are no more:—
They pass away like wax in the fierce flame,
Or the thick mists that frown upon the sun,
Which he but glances at and they are gone;
Or like the sparkling snow upon the hill,
When noon-tide darts its penetrating beam.
What do I say? At God's almighty will,
The affrighted world falls headlong from its sphere,
Planets and suns and systems disappear!
But Thy eternal throne—Thy palace bright,
Zion—stands steadfast in unchanging might;
Zion—Thy own peculiar seat—Thy home!
But here, O God! here is Thy temple too:
Heaven's sapphire arch is its resplendent dome;
Its columns—trees that have for ages stood;
Its incense is the flower-perfumed dew;
Its symphony—the music of the wood;
Its ornaments—the fairest gems of spring;
Its altar is the stony mountain proud!
Lord! from this shrine to Thy abode I bring
Trembling, devotion's tribute—though not loud,
Nor pomp-accompanied: Thy praise I sing.
And Thou wilt deign to hear the lowly offering.

* I have endeavoured to imitate the singular adaptation of words to sound, of which the Russian language affords so many striking examples;

Original—

Tvoi dñkh vaivaet vse borinashchii
V sikh—sikh svistjeshchikh vikhrei silakh
Srazhaiushchikhsa vezhdz Gor!

MISCELLANEOUS.

—221—

Defeat of the Mock Association.

London, July 29, 1821.

The Press has at length obtained a decisive triumph over the corrupt and selfish crew who have so long insulted the suffering and injured people by assuming the title of "constitutional." Their first prosecution—and that too against one of the unfortunate and abused CARLILES—has been defeated by the manful resistance of two or three (it is understood) of the Jury, who stayed out all night. No verdict was given; but as it appeared quite clear, that the firm minority would not yield, though mutual resistance might have been prolonged for some time, an expedient was resorted to, by which the stomachs of the Jurors were rescued from further misery. A *Noli prosequi* was entered, which has the same effect as an acquittal; that is to say, no further proceedings can take place upon this indictment.

The trial is altogether one of the most curious and edifying which the public have seen for a long time. *Imprimis*, the fact of Mr. Justice BEST being the Judge was sure to give it a certain peculiarity; and that unlucky lawyer made a more than ordinary display of his egregious qualities. His first exhibition of any moment was when he interrupted Mr. COOPER's reference to Mr. Speaker AUBOTT's memorable denouncement of parliamentary corruption. It was not in the "knowledge of the Court," forsooth! This was the extraordinary means taken by all four of the grave elderly gentlemen on the bench to cut short Mr. JOHN HUNT's address before receiving sentence; and Mr. HUNT had not then health and strength enough to contest the point. We now perceive, that Mr. Justice BEST made a precedent of that case! However, we are glad that Mr. COOPER has done it in so lasting a manner. He put it in the light of a matter of history, which he had a perfect right to use for his argument; and he utterly discomfited the Judge by observing, that whether a fact of that character happened ten or 500 years ago, was nothing to the purpose.* The other occasion chosen by Mr. Justice BEST for venting himself (the accumulation of black bile appears to be a chronic disease) was no less *mal-a-propos*. Mr. COOPER was appealing to the laws of the United States in illustration of the principle—that all prosecution for public libel is a remedy worse than the disease. "What has that to do with the present case?" interrupts the Judge. Mr. COOPER might have answered, that it had the usual connection of illustration with theory; but we should not wonder if he was more disposed to stare than to argue in reply to such a question. What followed was still more profound: "the laws of Pennsylvania or Virginia are of no validity in an English Court!" Mr. COOPER was reduced to mention that he never said they were: they were valid only for his reasoning; upon which the learned authority, probably perceiving by this time something instructive in the faces of the auditory, finishes the altercation thus meekly:—"If Mr. COOPER did not pay attention to his (the learned) opinions, he must state what he pleased!"—Dignified retraction!—"only he" (the Judge to cover his retreat) "should tell the Jury, that they were to pay no attention to the American laws!" Oh dear! Surely it is not always true, that "There is in lowest depths a lower still."—We are on tender ground; and shall quit it with observing, that the public begin to suspect that the frequent employment of this particular Judge in libel cases, is the result of a design on the part of his elders in office not very favourable to that learned person, though perhaps popular enough in regard to themselves.

Mr. COOPER's great and manly exertions for his persecuted client have excited a sensation in the public mind, which, along with his own satisfaction at the result he has so largely contributed to produce, are his best reward. He has our warm thanks in common with the grateful applause of all the friends of Reform. Called forth by the magnitude of the occasion (to a man of stanch principle it was of the greatest moment) he assumed the most dignified and amiable part of an advocate's character—standing between the general oppressors and their imagined victim. Sharing with the latter an opinion of the paramount necessity of Reform—he honestly avowed it, and defended his own in defending Miss CARLILE's sentiments;—thus giving the defendant the benefit with the Jury of that sincerity so important to persons attacked for opinions, together with the additional weight of so rare a specimen of conscientious zeal. In short, Mr. COOPER represented his client *truly* as to feeling, most advantageously as to talent; and if one or two of the younger and more ardent members of the profession were to follow his example, the utility

* This argument seems complete enough in all cases; yet as a Tory Judge is an animal most tenacious of his "dirty web" of sophistry, we will take leave to suggest to future defendants another mode of operating. Should the Bench object to a reference to facts not legally proved to the Court, it might be replied, that a defendant is entitled to reason upon what the Jury know as members of society; and he alone is to assume that they do know what he thinks fit to state,—since, if wrong, he only wastes his own breath. We are almost ashamed to repeat such quibbles; but Judges at least should not drive us to it.

of political defendants pleading for themselves might become questionable.

With the exception of the victorious minority, the Jury seems to have been rather strangely composed, though we dare say the Master of the Crown Office "could a tale unfold"—if he pleased. We cannot understand how any men, with pretensions to just or humane feelings, can hold out as long for the conviction as for the acquittal of an accused person, more particularly in matters of opinion. Do not Special Jurors know the intention of the law,—that a doubt of guilt, in one only of the twelve, should produce an acquittal? Ample time for argument is of course reasonable; but we presume the Jury in Miss CARLILE's case did not argue all night. It would appear, indeed, that they scarcely resorted to argument at all, for in one hour after they had left the jury-box, they returned into Court, and the condemning majority told the Judge they were *sure* they could not agree, because "there was obstinacy." This was an exquisite self-betrayal:—only think of the very fellows who had made up their minds not to agree in so vast a hurry, being the first to cry out upon the "obstinacy" of their antagonists!

The Bridge-street crew were of course sly and paltry enough to make their first essay upon a member of the ill-used family of Mr. CARLILE; but their eagerness to open a wide field for persecution certainly outstripped their cunning, when they pounced upon the passage for which Miss CARLILE was indicted. It would be a canting mockery to call the Press free in any country where such a writing could be pronounced libellous. In the passage selected by the arch-hypocrites, Mr. CARLILE, the writer, compares the plain and well-defined Constitution of Spain, with the vague, obscure, contradictory, and enormous mass of jarring statutes and disputed precedents called the Constitution of England,—which, he justly says, is no Constitution at all. The best of our lawyers and the most eminent of our statesmen have said the same thing over and over again; and it is one of the foremost grievances which the British People seek to remedy by a Reform. Can its truth be denied? Can any subject be more fairly open to discussion? In continuation, Mr. CARLILE gives his opinion, that petitioning for Reform is useless, since that object will be gained as soon without as with petitioning. That is another fair subject for argument among the Reformers in regard to which Mr. CARLILE has strong grounds to go upon. Petitions cost a good deal of trouble and parchment; and when they poured in upon Parliament to as large an extent as seemed practicable (upwards of a million of signatures were obtained in one year on Major CARTWRIGHT's plan) the parchment became a valuable perquisite, and the trouble a laughing stock for "flashy CANNING" and the rest of the virtual Representatives. Mr. CARLILE is probably of opinion, that the present hideous system will be destroyed by other more sure and active causes. We think so too: the Taxation is too high for the country to bear, yet the cravings of corruption are as great as ever; and the Debt, as Mr. CORNBETT has so often repeated, remains our fast friend.—The word "insurrection" did indeed occur in the prosecuted article: but how? The author says he shall say nothing about "insurrection" now,—doubtless insinuating that at some future time he may. Well: BLACKSTONE spoke plainer: he said, that when misgovernment reached a certain point, rebellion was not only lawful, but virtuous. And who can possibly determine what that point is except the party aggrieved—the People?

Without a reference to the motives which sway peers full as much as peasants, we might be at a loss to know how all the Judges in this our "enlightened age" invariably deem all that Tories prosecute "foul" and "dangerous" libel. It must be confessed, that practice has made them perfect in a most ingenious mode of ringing the changes on the character of that offence. If you repeat hard truths about public abuses which on account of their avowed notoriety you do not feel it necessary to prove for the thousand and first time,—that is a libel because it is "abuse" without "temperate discussion." If you let loose your indignation upon a public robber, or a convicted violator of domestic and moral duties who gets a hearty welcome at Court,—that is a libel because it "hurts the feelings" of the scoundrel or his encouragers. If you disapprove of any public body or thing, and recommend its abolition or reform, that is a libel because it "tends to excite a breach of the peace." If with particular care you mix up strong language with elaborate argument, and fondly think so to steer clear of the abovementioned rock of "abuse,"—alas!—you only fall into a still broader net;—the "greater truth, the greater libel!" And lastly, if you are an obnoxious writer, and it is thought expedient to put you in a dungeon, you are sure to have written something "tending to bring into hatred or contempt" some person or thing!

We do not say that the present Judges have invented all these legal traps; the worst, we know, they only inherit from their worthy predecessors;—but the system altogether exhibits a degree of slavish cunning infinitely more pernicious, because less outrageous, than downright oppression. The practices of the Star-Chamber deceived nobody: profligate power struck at obnoxious innocence. But to be fined on the strength of a quibble—to be imprisoned because twelve men are puzzled

by a sophism and overawed by "learned" authority,—is much more mischievous. Little interest or opposition is roused in the public by the success of such contrivances; for few people will take the trouble to investigate or expose the lawyer-craft. The public mind becomes confused by the contrived perplexity of that strange jumble of judicial dicta called "the Law of Libel;" and it is not to be wondered at that when the "Art of Packing" fails to secure the whole twelve jurymen, the Art of Mistification should in most cases provide for the remainder. The following excellent advice given by the *Traveller* to jurors will, if it meets with deserved attention, greatly conduce to the correction of the mischief:—

"In political cases, under all the motives which operate upon a Judge, it is next to a miracle that he should be impartial. It is, therefore, on the partiality of the Judge, in political cases, that a Jurymen is placed as a check. Blind deference to the direction of that Judge, in political cases, makes a Jury worse than nothing—a device not to check a Judge, but to rid him of responsibility.—In the next place, the Jurymen should always look to the words of the indictment or information. The indictment, or information, is the *only* thing to look to as a guide. It is the document on which the question is put to the Jury. The defendant is charged with publishing "*seditiously and maliciously*," the words charged as a libel. The defendant pleads "not guilty" to this charge. By this he does not deny the publishing, but the publishing maliciously, or with evil intention. Wherever, therefore, the Jury are not fully persuaded that the writing does not come from evil intention, whatever violence, whatever errors it betrays, they cannot honestly find a verdict of guilty. The words of the indictment on which they have to decide cannot be reasoned away; and if they say a man is guilty of publishing "*maliciously*," or, with evil intention, whom they believe to have been actuated with no such evil intention, they are morally guilty of perjury."

The public, however, ought not to rest satisfied, till a clear and tangible law is promulgated, which at the least shall never be disgraced by the scandalous punishment of admitted political TRUTHS.

Middlesex Sessions.

ATROCIOUS CONSPIRACY OF THE LEGAL UNDERSTAPPERS TO EXTORT MONEY.

Since the detection and punishment of those monsters in human shape, known by the name of the blood-money conspirators, the hangers-on of the police (the regular reward for conviction being abolished by Act of Parliament) have devised a new method of gratifying their brutal avarice, viz. by fabricating charges against poor people, and then taking money from the friends and relatives to "sink the evidence" which they had themselves suborned. A case which exposed this practice has been tried which these few days before F. Const, Esq. and a Bench of Magistrates.

Three lads, the youngest of whom was scarcely 20 years old—were apprehended on the charge of picking pockets, and conveyed to the Marlborough-street Office. Thither the mothers of the two youngest repaired, and soon learned from two of the officers, that if money was to be had, their sons need not be brought to trial. An appointment was made for the following morning, when another officer made his appearance in the character of an agent to negotiate between the officers and the friends of the prisoners, and it was at length agreed that the matter should be made up for 5*l*. This sum the two women with great difficulty procured—one of them having actually sold the bed from under her. The understanding being that the bill should be thrown out, the poor women were greatly alarmed to learn, a few days afterwards, that a true bill had been found. Their remonstrances on this subject were quieted by the assurance that upon the trial two of the officers would be absent, and an acquittal must be the consequence. Notwithstanding, the three prisoners were brought to trial, and upon the evidence of these very officers convicted and sentenced to be transported for life. From the prisoners while in Newgate, Mr. Sheriff Waltham learnt the particulars. The regular police-officers disclaimed with disgust all connexion with these understrappers, and promoted the women's claim for justice; the transaction soon reached the ears of Mr. Mainwaring, the Magistrate; a strict investigation took place, and Mr. Burgess (the solicitor, through whose active exertions the blood-money men were brought to justice), volunteered to carry on the prosecution at his own expense, the two women being too poor.

The wretches indicted for this crime were Edward Breton, Wm. Jones, and Wm. Mason. Abundant evidence proved the facts stated above. The sentence of the Court was, that Edward Breton and Wm. Jones be severally imprisoned in the House of Correction, Coldbath-fields, for the space of two years; and that Wm. Mason be imprisoned in the same goal for the space of six calendar months.

Practices of Parliament.

ALTHOUGH the debates in both Houses of Parliament have for many years been published daily in the metropolis, and circulated through the world—although, strangers are allowed to attend and hear those debates—although, when published, they are repeatedly alluded to and corrected by the Members themselves—yet, according to Mr. Justice BEST, the public can know nothing of what passes in Parliament! Practices "glaring as the mid-day sun,"—defended in the House on account of their very notoriety—declared by eminent Statesmen to be of a nature to prevent any honest man from becoming a Minister of the Crown—denounced in frequent speeches within the walls, and in numberless petitions from without—discussed in clubs and coffee-houses and in private society of all descriptions are not to be spoken of in the Courts of Law, even by Defendant or Counsel. This, it seems, is British law—"the perfection of human wisdom."

We are thus, it appears, to understand, that Mr. Justice BEST knows nothing of the corruptions of Parliament—nothing whatever of the charges brought against Lord CASTLEREAGH and Mr. PERCIVAL, for trafficking in Seats—of their declining to make any defence—of the defence set up for them—of the Speaker's celebrated declaration—of all the various proceedings, before and since, on the subject of influence, bribery, and corruption in every shape. He, "good, easy man," understands nothing at all of these things: and why? Because they are not before the Court. Nobody has brought an action or made affidavit about them! According to this, his Judgeship must be in a very comfortable state of ignorance. His feelings, whether patriotic, moral, or judicial, must really be in a most delicious repose. The corruptions of Parliament and the existence of pickpockets and prostitutes are equally unknown to him; and he is far indeed from supposing that the seat of Justice has ever been degraded by parasitical and intemperate Judges,—men at once "cunning and fierce—mixture abhorred!"

The Judges, if they please, may persist in knowing nothing of such things—they may, like the Gods of the ancients "have eyes that see and ears that hear not" of the corruptions of Parliament; and they may continue to punish men for hearing, seeing, and denouncing, what so many thousands have long seen, heard, and denounced. But they cannot keep the facts from being known and discussed in all quarters of the civilized world. Even the corrupt details are well known wherever the British language is spoken. The price of an English borough is nearly as well known on the banks of the Ohio and the Ganges as on that of the Thames—from the "golden days" of Queen ELIZABETH, when a certain bribing knave, "being a simple man, and conceiving that it might be of some advantage to him, gave four pounds to the Mayor and Corporation, that they might chase him to serve them in Parliament"—to the blessed times of GEORGE the Fourth, when four thousand pounds is the lowest sum, and when his Ministers on one day procure pardons for incorrigible traffickers in seats, and on the other get the denouncers of such illegal doings fined or imprisoned!

Our readers may recollect the curious passages, from the *Diary* of the notorious BURN DODDINGTON, published some time back, respecting these boroughmongering practices. The following extracts from the *Private Correspondence* of the celebrated BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, will be found equally pleasant, and almost as edifying:—

"The Parliament have of late been acting an egregious farce, calling before them the Mayor and Aldermen of Oxford, for proposing a sum to be paid by their old Members on being re-chosen on the next election; and sundry printers and brokers for advertising and dealing in boroughs, &c. The Oxford people were sent to Newgate, and discharged, after some days, on humble petition and receiving the Speaker's reprimand upon their knees. The House could scarcely keep countenances, knowing as they all do that the practice is general. People say, they mean nothing more than to beat down the price by a little discouragement of borough-jobbing, now that their own elections are all coming on. The price indeed is grown exorbitant, no less than 4000*l*. for a Member!—Mr. BECKFORD has brought in a Bill for preventing bribery and corruption at elections, wherein was a clause to oblige every Member to swear, on his admission to the House, that he had not directly or indirectly given any bribe to any elector, &c. but this was so universally exclaimed against, as answering no end but perjuring the Members, that he has been obliged to withdraw that clause. It was indeed a cruel contrivance of his, worse than the Gunpowder-plot; for that was only to blow the Parliament up to heaven, this is to sink them all down to—Mr. THURLOW opposed his Bill by a long speech, BECKFORD in reply gave a dry hit to the House, that is repeated everywhere. "The Hon. Gentleman," says he, "in his learned discourse, gave us first one definition of Corruption, then he gave us another definition of Corruption, and I think he was about to give us a third. Pray does that Gentleman imagine there is any Member of this House that does not know what Corruption is?"—which occasioned only a roar of laughter; for they are so hardened in the practice, that they are very little ashamed of it."—Letter to Joseph Galloway, Esq. dated Feb. 17. 1763.

Sketches of the Living Poets.

LORD BYRON.

There have not been many noblemen who have written poetry, or indeed any thing else much to the purpose. They have been brought up in too artificial a state, with too many ready-made notions of superiority; and their lives have passed in a condition too easy, conventional, and to say the truth, vulgar. France has produced the greatest number, because the literature prevailing in that country has been more attainable by common means; but the very best of them, with the exception of Montesquieu who was a country gentleman, write somehow like lords. Buffon handles men and brutes equally with his gloves on; and Rochefoucault's philosophy is the quintessence of contempt. Even Montaigne, while he laughs at all classes in the gross, shews himself not a little to be Montaigne of that ilk. In England, the spirit of chivalry helped to fetch out the genius of Surrey, Sir Philip Sidney, and Lord Herbert; but even they were all more or less hurt by their situation, and expected the Muses to visit them like gentlemen. There was some thing grand however and peculiar in the solitary courage of Herbert's deism. Dorset and Rochester were men of wit, who might both have come nearer to Dryden, especially the latter. Bolingbroke defended liberty itself like an aristocrat, and for no purpose but to get it into the power of its enemies. He wrote against religion too upon the principle of a feudal baron, who laughed equally at his liege lord and his serfs. As to Horace Walpole, however Lord Byron may find his *esprit du corps* roused in his behalf, he was an undoubted fop, who had the good luck to stumble upon the Castle of Otranto over his own escutcheon.

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron, whom the peerage ought to value much more than he does or can value it, let him try as he may, is the grandson of the celebrated Commodore Byron, whose ousting in a disastrous life has interested us all so much in our reading of voyages and shipwrecks. He was born in Scotland in 1791. His father, the brother of the late Lord, was an officer in the Guards; his mother a Gordon of Park, related to the Earls of Fife. The poetry, that finally took its due aspect in his person, had given various intimations of itself in his family, in the shape of verse-writing ladies and romantic adventures. The race, who were great country proprietors in Yorkshire, were ennobled in the person of Sir John Byron for his loyal efforts in the cause of Charles the first; but the greatest Byron of old was one recorded in Sir John Beaumont's poem of Bosworth-Field for his friendship with his companion Clifton.

As it is part of the spirit of our Sketches to be as characteristic every way as possible without violating any real delicacy, we shall touch upon some matters which must always interest, and some which shall agreeably surprise the public. This is said to be "an age of personalities;" and it is so; but if we can give the interest of personality without any thing of the scandal of it, we shall perhaps help even to counteract the latter, better than if we said nothing. Lord Byron is of good stature, with a very handsome face and person. His hair is brown, with a tendency to run in ringlets; his head and forehead finely cut; his eyes of a laming blue, and might give his face too haughty and expression, if it were not for his mouth and chin, which are eminently bland and beautiful. The portrait after Philips is the best and indeed only likeness of him; the others being inefficient attempts to catch his expression under various moods, real or imaginary.* It is not new to the public, that all this beauty of aspect, has one contradiction to it, in a lame foot; but the lameness is hardly perceptible in a modern dress, as he sits; and even when he is lounging about a room, he seems little more than sweeping hither and thither with a certain lordliness of indolence. It is a shrunken foot, not one raised upon irons, or otherwise prominently defective. We are the less scrupulous in alluding to this lameness, because it has been mentioned in the grossest manner by some poor creatures, who thought to worry his Lordship's feelings. Did these sorry beings contemplate, for an instant, how pernicious their success might be? Too wretched for his revenge, they might yet awake in him thoughts about human nature, for which a defect of this sort does not help to sweeten the kindest. It is remarkable, that the two eminent living writers, whose portraits of humanity are upon the whole mixed up with a greater degree of scorn than those of any of their contemporaries, are both of them lame. The other we allude to is Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter, with a feeling which we shall certainly not call vanity, has been willing to let the public understand, that Shakspeare also was "but a halting fellow." To our minds, that indifferent sentence, coupled as it is in our recollections with another about lameness, is the most touching in all his works. Nor need he, or his Lordship, disdain as such an emotion. They can afford to let us have it. As to Shakspeare, we know not upon what authority this lameness of his is ascertained; but we can imagine it probable, were it for nothing but Iago's judgment of *Desdemona*, "Tush, man, the wine she drinks is made of grapes." The circumstance, if proved, and not owing to acci-

dent, might lessen a little our astonishment at Shakspeare's insight into things equivocal; but it would add what it took away to our love of his good nature.

With some other matters respecting Lord Byron, that have come before the public, we shall not meddle so much, for various reasons; but none of them discreditable to any party. They are not necessary to a consideration of his genius, and are almost as little known in reality as they ought to remain. His Lordship is quite candid enough about his own faults, sometimes perhaps a little ostentatious and even inventive; but if this, and feelings very different in their origin from hostility, lead him sometimes into strange vagaries about the faults of others, the public could not be more mistaken than when they fancied him the fierce and gloomy person which some described him to be. At least, neither his oldest nor his newest friends thought him so. The Don Juan undecieved people a good deal in that respect. The fact is, that he is much fonder of cracking jokes and walnuts, than heads. No man in private sooner hastens to shew himself superior to his rank, which he wishes his ancestors had not obtained at the expense of his riches: and with all that he says about his temper (of which we have heard him talk nobly) he is really so good-natured a man that if we were asked why he insinuates so much about being otherwise, and puts on those strange distant airs, which he does, about his countrymen, in his last work, we should answer, that although it may partly be because his countrymen are really not so pleasant as they suppose themselves, yet the ground of it all is a suspicion that he shall be found too easy and accommodating,—a man too facile to influence, and so become jealous of it.

Lord Byron was bred at Harrow, where he cultivated his young friendship and verses with equal ardour. He has told us, that his regard for another living writer was first awakened by a youthful publication, in which similar inclinations abounded. He recollects his school-days with regard; and yet at Harrow the first seeds were probably sown of that mistrust and disappointment at human nature which is so apparent in his writings. School-boys in general understand little but one another's defects; and when he left Cambridge, he was destined to find that friends of whom he expected otherwise, could soon forget him in the bustle of the world. He grew careless and riotous. The first productions of his pen (commonplace enough it is true, like those of all young writers who are brought up in the midst of artificial models), were contemptuously treated by the critics; his hey-day life met with equally injudicious rebuke; and being, as he says, angry with every body since every body seemed angry with him, he "ran a muck" at them all in his English Bards and Scotch Reviewers—a work which he has lived to regret. As it was written however with feelings of his own, it gave a sample of what he was likely to attain to; and on his return from his travels in Greece, a succession of meditative and narrative poems made an unexpected delight of what his rank helped to make a fashion.

But it will be all over with our Sketches if we go on after this manner. Having said, a good deal of what every body does not know, we must make short work of what every body does. The great learning of Lord Byron's poetry, if not on the most poetical side, is on that which is more generally interesting, it is the poetry, not of imagination, but of passion and humour. We like nevertheless the last canto of *Childe Harold*, and think it might have hindered him from getting into that controversy the other day, in which the weaker vessel had the stronger side. For the most part, we do not admire his narratives, written in that over-easy eight-syllable measure, of which Dryden thought so poorly. They are like their heroes, too melodramatic, hasty, and vague. But the passion is sometimes excellent. It is more so in his *Lara*; and most of all in his songs and other minor pieces. For the drama, whatever good passages such a writer will always put forth, we hold that he has no more qualifications than we have; his tendency being to spin every thing out of his own perceptions, and colour it with his own eye. His *Don Juan* is perhaps his best work, and the one by which he will stand or fall with readers who see beyond times and toilets. It far surpasses, in our opinion, all the Italian models on which it is founded, not excepting the far-famed *Secchia Rapita*. Nor can we see in it the injury to morals and goodness, which makes so many people shake their heads, both solid and shallow. Poems of this kind may not be the best things to put abruptly into the hands of young ladies; but people are apt to beg many more questions than they settle, about morality; and numbers of such Don Juans as Lord Byron's (not the unfeeling vagabond in the Italian opera) would be very good and proper, if we would let them. A poet's morals have a natural tendency to recur to first principles, which is a proceeding that others are perpetually making a maxim of, and never observing. If *Don Juan* is pernicious in any thing, it is in that extreme mixture now and then of the piteous and the ludicrous, which tends to put some of our best feelings out of countenance. But if we may judge of its effect on others by ourselves, this kind of despair is accompanied with too much bitterness, in spite of its drollery, and is written in too obvious a spirit of extravagance, not to furnish its own counteraction.

But we call to mind the object of these Sketches; and to keep at all to their title, must lay down our pen. That these poets are seductive fellows, is certain.

* The Engraved Portrait of Lord Byron, published in the Calcutta Journal of the August 1, 1820, is from this Portrait after Philips—and scarcely in inferior to the Original from which it was taken.

Love is a Hunter Boy.*From the Last Number of Moore's National Airs.*

Love is a hunter boy,
Who makes young hearts his prey,
And in his nets of joy
Ensnarers them night and day.
In vain concealed they lie,
Love tracks them every where;
In vain aloft they fly,
Love shoots them flying there!

But 'tis his joy most sweet,
At early dawn to trace
The print of Beauty's feet,
And give the trembler chase;
And most he loves through snow
To track those footsteps fair;
For then the boy doth know
None tracked before him there!

Specimen of a Prospective American Newspaper.*The North American Luminary, 1st July, 4796,*

A celebrated professor of chemistry has discovered a method of composing and decomposing the surrounding atmosphere, so that any farmer can, with the greatest facility, and at a small expense, avert rain, or produce it in any quantity necessary for the perfection of his crops. The professor recently dispelled the clouds over the city of New York and its suburbs for the space of a week, converting the cold damp weather of our winter into a clear and comparatively warm season. By this useful contrivance, any mariner may allay the violence of a hurricane, or give the wind the direction and degree of force best suited to the objects of his voyage.

The corporation of Baltimore have subscribed a sum for erecting one of the newly-invented telescopes. It is to be liberally appropriated to the use of all the citizens, so that the meanest mechanic may amuse himself in his leisure moments by viewing the different occupations of the inhabitants of the moon. The effect of this invention upon morals is beyond all calculation. The labouring classes now give up the enjoyment of spirituous liquors for the superior pleasure of contemplating the wonders which this invention exposes to the human senses.

According to the census just taken by the order of government, the population of New York amounts to 4,802,568, souls, that of Philadelphia to 3,981,917 and the population of Washington, our capital, exceeds six millions and a half.

Our celebrated travellers, Dr. Clarke and Baron Humboldt, have just arrived from their researches into two of the countries of ancient Europe. By means of a new invention, Dr. Clarke crossed the Atlantic in seven days. He sailed up the ancient river Thames, to a spot which our antiquaries are now agreed must be the site of the once renowned city of London; but not a vestige of human habitation remained. There existed the mutilated portion of a granite arch, which Dr. Clarke conceived might be the last remains of the once celebrated bridge of Waterloo. The Dr. proceeded further up the river, to an elevated situation on the left bank, which commanded a view of savage but delightful scenery. This our antiquary conjectured might be the ancient Richmond-hill, but he could not procure a single coin, or discover any one object of antiquarian research. Our traveller was extremely desirous of ascending the river yet higher, in order to reach the ancient Windsor, once the proud abode of England's monarchs, but he was so annoyed by the tribes of savages, that he found it impossible to proceed. Doctor Clarke intends next year to renew his travels in this once glorious and now almost forgotten island; and he will take with him a body of five and twenty of the United States' troops which will effectually repel any force that the savage inhabitants can bring against him.

The late voyage of Professor Wanderhagen to the moon took up a space of nearly seven months, but the present expedition, it is expected, will take up much less time. The body of the balloon will be filled with the new gas discovered by our chemist, Dr. Ætherly, and which is 800 times lighter than the lightest gas known to the ancient Europeans. The body of this balloon will not be circular, but a polygon, of an infinity of angles, and at each angle a pair of wings, all of which are worked with the greatest precision and facility, by the most simple but beautiful machinery. These wings at once create a draft, and determine the direction of the air at the will of the aeronaut, whose balloon is easily steered by a newly-constructed air-rudder. The boat of the balloon will contain twenty-five persons, and provisions for a twelvemonth. This boat has two immense self-acting wings, which, like a bird's condense the air underneath the boat so as to assist in

supporting the machine. The boat itself will be covered with a paste made of the essence of cork, as a nonconductor of heat; and Professor Wanderhagen, having suffered so much from the cold in his previous voyage, will provide himself with a store of the "condensed essence of caloric," a cubic inch of which will keep up a brilliant light and an intense heat for four and twenty hours.

The new mechanical steam-coach left Philadelphia at eight in the evening of the 3d ultimo, and arrived at Pareysburg, Greenland, at noon on the 5th, a distance of 893 miles in forty hours. It carried eighteen in, and twenty-seven outside passengers, besides a great quantity of luggage.

Last year, no less than 734 vessels sailed from Alaska, and the western coast of America though the channels separating America from North Georgia and Greenland. It is curious to reflect, that the very existence of such a passage was a problem of difficult solution to the Europeans from the 16th to the 19th centuries. This was then called the Northwest Passage, and was first discovered by a navigator of great celebrity amongst the ancient English; but whether his name was Parry or Croker it is now impossible to ascertain, from the imperfect state of our records at that period.

A chemist, deeply read in the sciences of the middle ages, (the 18th and 19th centuries of the Christian æra,) assures us that the English men of science, about the year 1800, plumed themselves much upon their discovering the means of making brilliant lights by reflectors, and the different gases of oil and coal burnt in various descriptions of lamps. How these pigmies would have hid their diminished heads, could they have foreseen our present perfection in lighting the atmosphere, by exciting attraction and motion among the constituent particles of light and heat. The ætometer of New York, at a trifling expense, produces a light in the atmosphere equal to the brightest moonshine. So that darkness is unknown to the moderns, and we experience only the gradations between the light of the moon and that of the sun.

Police Intelligence—Bow Street.

George Mason, a pick-pocket, was brought up for a second examination, charged with robbing—Hillett, Esq. of a gold watch, &c. in the pit-passage of Drury-lane, Theatre, a few nights ago. The property not having been found, and Mr. Hillett not being able to swear distinctly to the fact, the Magistrate expressed his fear that he must discharge him for want of sufficient evidence.

A gentleman present said that he himself had been robbed by the prisoner some time ago in Covent Garden, of a pocket book, containing 200l. in bank-notes.

Prisoner.—"Well, Sir, you said all you could about that business when I was brought up to this office for it at the time; and if you failed to convict me, it's very ungentlemanly of you to mention it again!"

Gentleman.—"Hold your tongue, you scoundrel—you know you are one of the most expert villains in London. I verily believe you can conjure the property out of people's pockets!"

The prisoner laughed, and seemed not a little proud of this compliment; and then assured the Magistrate that it was the last time he should be troubled with hearing charges against him, for he meant to reform immediately. "I should," added he, "have reformed as soon as I came out of prison; but I have not had time, for it's only a fortnight ago, and I've been sick in bed ever since."

The Magistrate observed that he thought a sick-bed was the best place for reforming; and after some further conversation, in the course of which his Worship remarked that if he committed him upon the evidence adduced, an acquittal would be almost inevitable; and the failure of conviction on trial, he was convinced, had a very bad effect in these cases. He ordered the prisoner to be discharged.

This fellow is a short young man, apparently about 22, of florid complexion, rather long visage, and bright red hair. He has been charged with innumerable street robberies within the last two years; but he is such an adept at this art, that it has hitherto been found impossible to detect him.

EUROPE DEATHS.

On the 4th of July, at an advanced age, Richard Cosway, Esq. R. A.

On the 7th of July, at Caen, in France, Ann, the wife of Major Joseph D'Acre Watson, of the East-Indian Army.

On the 6th of July, Sarah, youngest daughter of the late Captain Abel Vyryan, of the Honorable East India Company's Service.

On the 9th of July, at her seat, Bookman Grove, in Surrey, the Honorable Catharine Dawnay, daughter of the late Viscount and Viscountess Downe, and sister to the present Viscount, in the 53d year of her age.

ASIATIC DEPARTMENT.

—225—

Character of a True Briton.

In drawing the character of a true Briton, let us premise, that we shew him of no rank or class exclusively. For, though our country, abhorring the dead level of equality, boasts the ornament and utility of various ranks, by their gradation holding forth the fairest prize for emulation, the most lasting, and least sordid recompence of merit; yet one character pervades the whole. It is the inheritance, not of any class of individuals, but of the nation. It adorns the palace and the cottage, and prevails throughout all intervening ranks. Depressed in one part, it would rise to notice in another; nor can it be extinct, until all shall be corrupted by foreign principles or foreign manners. The true Briton, is the child of virtue and of reason. The one he loves by natural disposition; the other guides him in the practice of her dictates. From the strength of his reason, he is a zealous friend to order: by the virtuous ardor of his spirit, he is an adorer of liberty. Without the due restraint of law, he fears he might be vicious; WITHOUT THE ENERGY OF FREEDOM HE FEELS HE SHOULD BE MEAN. He would neither have his evil tendencies indulged, nor his virtuous impulses repressed. So strong his hatred to vice, that he will bind himself to punish it, even in himself; so PROUD HIS JEALOUSY OF UNJUST FORCE, THAT HE WILL PERISH RATHER THAN OBEY IT, EVEN IN A TRIFLE. A child may shame him when he is guilty; the whole world cannot shrink him when innocent. To admonition he is a reed, to violence he is a rock. The virtues most congenial to his soul are courage, integrity, generosity, compassion. His courage, however, is neither irritable nor ambitious. He will bear even injuries, till well assured that they are so intended; and then at length he seeks for justice, not revenge—for compensation, not retaliation. Secure in native dignity, and conscious of it, he wastes no time in useless bustle to display his consequence. When the hour for action comes, he acts with vigor and effect; when that is over, he enjoys tranquillity as his reward well earned and welcome. The integrity of the true Briton is inflexible. And even at the present day, one striking feature not to be omitted, is his veneration for the constitution of his country. He views it as the work of wisdom, tried and ameliorated by experience. That there are imperfections in it, he may perhaps admit, (for he is attached, not bigotted) but they are such only as he hopes by time and prudent counsel to remove; or such as being necessary concessions to the imperfections of mankind, cannot safely be removed till human nature is corrected. He is sensible of the value of that knowledge which is the result of experience; and in so important a point as the constitution of his country, he is least disposed to yield to the theories of SPECULATIVE MEN. To this system he adheres from strong conviction of its excellence. Innovation proceeding from levity he contemns; attended with injustice, cruelty, or public danger he abhors. He loves his King with some restrictions; BUT HIS COUNTRY WITHOUT ANY. To politics he is addicted, and not, perhaps, sufficiently averse from parties: but when the public is in danger, he forgets all subdivisions, and knows no party but his country. In drawing this hasty sketch of a true Briton, of which description a large majority exists in every class of social life throughout the nation, we would call the serious attention of our Readers to the Constitutional Association.

The old adage that "a preventative is better than a cure" may carry conviction with it in many instances; but does it accord, we would ask, with the feelings of a people, whose moral excellence consists in the qualities we have above specified, to be suspected of disloyalty?—the motives of the Society above alluded to are founded upon the best principles of national self-respect, but even under so apparently laudable a pretence, is it congenial with British feeling that Societies should be formed to look out for symptoms of disloyalty?—is it not courting ministerial popularity at the expence of wounded generosity?—We are sorry to see the time in which Britons should look with suspicion and distrust upon each other. We require no Associations of this description—and although a partial spirit of disaffection may manifest itself, in the minds of the people, yet the Legislature have only TO THUNDER IN THEIR EARS THEIR COUNTRY'S CAUSE, AND THEY SOON WILL ROUSE UP ALL THAT'S BRITISH IN THEM.—*Madras Gazette.*

A Sober Triumph.

*Thoughts, words, and deeds, the Statute blames with reason;
But surely DREAMS were ne'er indicted Treason.*

SIR,

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

To procure pleasant dreams there must be a moral and physical adaptation; and never did I retire to rest with spirits better attuned and quietly composed after their unusual exaltation than on Friday night. During the day, I had heard much conversation on the Liberty of the Press, and the subject naturally recurred in my dreams. Methought I was present at a solemn moot of the question wherein it consisted, and that I heard several speeches delivered with considerable fluency and amazing energy and gestication. One Orator, whose ideas of liberty were made up of negatives, did indeed seem inter (*qu. contra?*) *sobrios* *insuare*, so inflamed (I cannot say inflammatory) was he with horror at the idea of any positive liberty. The result was that, with respect to the past, all power and authority was freely ascribed to the Press; the bar, the pulpit, and the throne yielded to it as instruments of usefulness; there was nothing in the integrity and zeal of our statesmen, and public functionaries, in the patriotism which animated our councils and the glory which crowned our arms, which we did not owe to it; but with respect to the future, though the same noble functions and high prerogatives were still said to belong to it, yet they were qualified and "sicklied o'er" with this comprehensive proviso—that it published nothing which tended to bring any person into any degree of hatred or contempt. With these restrictions the Press was bidden freely to purify and guard the commonwealth.

A change came over my dream. Methought a procession wound its long array through the streets of the City of Palaces. The first figure in the Show was a short, fat man, with a face of great good humour and pleasantry, carrying a flag inscribed THE REGULAR CHANNELS, apparently intended to designate six persons who followed bearing gags and fetters in their hands, and poring on the ground as if their hearts were corroded by a gangrene. One was distinguished by a badge, inscribed Rs. 5000, in token of Seniority, as was said. Visages more rueful, more woe-begone, more utterly dejected and discomfited, it never was my fortune to see, asleep or awake. Next followed a man with a flag inscribed GRANDEES, and then fourteen men in buckram suits, looking almost as disconsolate and forlorn as the six which preceded them, and their hands armed with gags and fetters after the same fashion. After these, followed one mounted on a spanking horse, which foamed, curvetted, and kicked the dirt about in all directions. The horse was miserably disfigured by a rat tail, and the rider seemed by no means at his ease, nor conscious of any degree of satisfaction with the part which he performed. Beside him, mounted on a tattoo, rode one who looked perfectly satisfied with the character he sustained. Two or three papers protruded from a capacious bag, one being inscribed, LOCAL THEORY OF LIBEL. The next object was a magnificent car, drawn by four horses, on which was seated the hero of this *Sober Triumph*, his countenance radiant with joy. A banner followed, with the words "NOLUMUS LEGES ANGLIEMUTARI," and then nine GRANDEES erect and empty handed. Next was borne a flag inscribed TWELVE COMMON TRADESMEN, and then the twelve, surrounded by an innumerable company of persons of all ranks, ages, and professions:—all Calcutta—all India seemed to be poured out to swell the triumph and celebrate a great public victory. The jubilant shouts rent the air and soon dispelled the vision.

NOLUMUS.

Administrations to Estates.

Lieutenant Francis Squire Donnelley, late of the Honorable Company's Bengal Establishment, deceased.—Dempster Heming, Esq.
Mr. Lestock Davis, deceased.—Cossynauth Mallick.

Deaths.

On the 21st instant, Mrs. SARAH GUNTER, Wife of Mr. T. G. GUNTER, of the Town Hall, aged 31 years.
At Tumlook, on the 18th instant, MARY ANNE FRANCES, daughter of the Honorable ANDREW RAMSAY.

Affray at the Catholic Church.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

SIR,

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

In your Paper of the 4th instant a Letter is inserted signed "A CATHOLIC" which, as it is a gross misrepresentation of facts, and full of unjust aspersions on the character of the persons alluded to in it, and besides an invidious attack on the Protestant inhabitants of Calcutta in general, in justice to them and to myself I cannot suffer it to pass without proper notice. There is nothing as well calculated to deceive as truth craftily mixed up with falsehood, so I do not wonder the plausibility of the CATHOLIC's statement gained credence with you; and I therefore do not blame you for giving it insertion, since I believe you were actuated by a desire to prevent any man from being molested on account of his religious belief. I also am a friend of universal toleration, and I am happy to say that no where does it exist more perfectly than in Calcutta, where the last part of man's character into which you would think of enquiring are his religious opinions.

Notwithstanding this, the CATHOLIC seems to set out with a general charge against the Protestants, because it has been the custom for them to be spectators of the mid-night ceremonies of the Catholic Church, performed on Christmas-eve. If this complaint had been made by a Hindoo it might have been listened to, because they refuse to admit proselytes, but can it be a subject of regret with any good Catholic, that persons of an opposite faith become spectators of their ceremonies, which are performed either to confirm the belief of members, or to inspire belief into others, of the truth of the doctrines of that Church, which they have emphatically called *Catholic*, because it is; or at least will be, universal, and to which therefore all nations must ultimately be converted either by hearing or seeing. No good Catholic, I repeat, will object to visitors; an assertion in which I am supported by fifteen years experience in Calcutta, during which time I never heard of any means being used to prevent Protestants or others from attending the Catholic Church on such occasions. For this is no new practice, and it has probably been encouraged from the pious motive of making converts. What is the motive of the CATHOLIC condemning it? what follows will perhaps explain; the facts of the affray in question, as far as it has come within my knowledge and observation, are as follows:—

On Christmas-eve, about 11 or 12 at night, I went to the Catholic Church, in company with only two friends, but unconnected with any "groupe" or party, and when the ceremonies commenced we took up our station outside of the railing, which divides the verandah from the *sanctum sanctorum*, a place, I believe, allotted to strangers. There, also three other strangers happened to place themselves, and about an hour afterwards a person came and, without saying a word, attempted to thrust himself between two of these strangers who were leaning over the railing, pushing them aside with his elbows, in order to introduce his body between them. The strangers did not relish this summary mode of introduction, and as they did not seem inclined to give place to him, he said abruptly,—"Make way, make way." On their refusing to obey these peremptory orders, the CATHOLIC said, "Do you know where you are? you have no right here, for you are not of this persuasion." "No," said one of the strangers, "but we are in a Christian Church, I am acquainted with the practice of your Church both in Europe and other parts of the world. I am sure in neither would strangers experience such treatment as this. I will not be elbowed about." "Do you dare to keep that place?" said the CATHOLIC, "Yes, I dare" said the stranger, "I know the world too well to be put upon." The other stranger, who next became the object of his attack also complained the rude treatment he experienced.

"Hold your place" exclaimed another person inside the railing, who was officiating in the ceremonies, a Warden it seems, and who did not know that his Catholic brother had provoked the altercation, "Hold your place" said he, or I will order the Burkhundausses to turn you out altogether."

This conversation was carried on by the strangers in an under but not inaudible tone, in order not to disturb the ceremonies; but one of them finding himself thus disagreeably situated, and that reason would not be listened to in the Catholic Church, retired from the place. When his back was turned the "Warden" rated him in such terms as, however becoming according to his ideas for the "House of God," would not be suited to your Journal. Thus the CATHOLIC, or, as your Correspondent has it, "the Gentleman, at last made his way through the groupe" and took possession of this station, which he had obtained by violence. In this affair none of the strangers but the two mentioned had any share whatever. The upshot of it was, that although justly provoked, the Gentleman suppressed their anger; not to "kick up a row" in the Church; but sometime afterwards, when the offender seemed going away, one of them followed him, and asked him to speak with him outside, in an almost inaudible tone, not to disturb the congregation. As they were going out, but not till on the outside of the *purdah* which closed the door of the Church, the Gentleman took the liberty of turning the "CATHOLIC" down stairs. Nothing further happened, as far as I can learn, except that the stranger, according to the "CATHOLIC's" account of the matter, approached rather too near his nose, but I believe did not hurt it much; and at the same time a brother Catholic gave the stranger a blow behind the ear.

To sum up all, if the Catholics choose to exclude strangers or Protestants from their ceremonies, let them do it; the Public, I believe, would never complain of it as a hardship; but after inviting strangers with open doors, have they a right to insult them with impunity?

"I appeal to all impartial persons" if such insolence to strangers "is to be tolerated, more especially in a place of Worship, I only hope those who were guilty of the disgraceful behaviour herein described will reflect on their misdeeds, and that this public exposure will tend to prevent any similar outrage;" the best means of doing which will certainly be for the respectable Catholics to expel from among them all ill-disposed persons who visit the Church, not with the spirit of humility and meekness that becomes a Christian, but with a spirit of contention and intolerance, insulting persons of an opposite faith, and thereby disturbing the congregation in the enjoyment of their religious Worship.

I shall only observe that if it were thought requisite to make an example of some person whose conduct is pre-eminently liable to the above censure, it is only necessary to name the Author of this "Affray," and all who know him will say of him with one voice, as Nathan said to David, "Thou art the Man."

I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

January 6, 1822.

A PROTESTANT.

Phrase of Oot'h Ghurree.

To the Editor of the Bombay Courier,

SIR,

To the queries of TROPUS, contained in your valuable Journal of the 5th August, 1820, I offer the following answers, which I beg you will be pleased to publish.

Oot'h in its natural and common acceptation imports the number 3½, but when used figuratively may be defined to denote paucity of quantity; thus, when applied to time, it implies a short space of it, without conveying the least idea of the length or measure of its duration, and consequently is incapable of being converted or reduced by computation to any determinate period of years, months, days, or hours; so that it no more expresses an equivalent number of years or days, than the mystic number 7, which is a well known symbol of perfection, fulness, or universality, does of any thing, as not bearing any reference whatever to precise quantity; and it will be probably as difficult to trace out how the one came to be adopted mystically as the other. In this sense it may be humbly concluded Oot'h Ghurree, or rather the prophetic period of 3½ times, or days, occurs in sacred writ, that is, twice in Daniel, and seven times in the Apocalypse, in allu-

sion to or imitation of the short term of the continuance of an event of anterior date, Elijah's miracle of famine in Samaria, which lasted 3½ years: hence may be explained its indifferent application to days and years alike.

Oot'h Ghurree is certainly very current in this part of India: whether amongst Hindoos, Mohamedans, or Parsees, much beyond what could possibly be suspected to be the result of a mere vulgar and fortuitous introduction of it by the ignorant, unless supported by the high plea of antiquity, derivable from a still higher authority, which is involved at present in obscurity; and beautiful examples may be adduced to illustrate the nature of it; the transient appearance of the rainbow in the sky is represented as short as Oot'h Ghurree, and the oppressive reign and tyranny of a despot to be of no longer existence than it; again the thinness of the population of a country or city is described by one Oot'h. With respect to any resemblance to it which may be discovered in the Sanscrit records, my circumscribed acquaintance with the language precludes me from forming any decisive judgment or opinion; it is worth while the attention, however, of those who have the means, and are competent to the task, of which there are unquestionably a great many of the Literati of Bengal, enjoying the double advantage of a complete and profound knowledge of the Sanscrit, and possessing the requisite source of information, to devote a little of their labour towards the attainment of this desirable point.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

Ahmedabad, Dec. 20, 1821.

TEMPUS.

Armenian Philanthropic Academy.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

SIR,

That man is the creature of circumstance, experience has abundantly shewn. The mind of an EAST INDIAN, or a HINDOO, is proved to be as susceptible of culture and improvement as that of a native of any other clime; and to the distinguished proficiency which some of the former class have acquired in the various branches of Literature, the Examinations annually held in the respectable Seminaries of Learning in this metropolis bear the most unequivocal testimony. This result should also evince to those Parents who are possessed only of small incomes, that the existing means of obtaining in this country a useful education preclude the necessity which would otherwise be felt of sending their offspring to Europe, (except at a riper age, for the express purpose of being brought up to some Trade,) and thus may the fond Mother, whose separation from her Children fills the heart with anguish, enjoy the happiness of beholding the lovely plant rise into full maturity and luxuriance under her own guardian care.

In proportion as the channels of instruction are multiplied will these benefits be diffused to all classes with greater facility, and as every promising tho' infant Institution is an object of attention, I shall briefly notice the Examination which took place on Thursday last, before a numerous and respectable assembly of the Pupils educated in the PHILANTHROPIC ACADEMY, lately established here by the liberality of the Armenian portion of the Community.

The English Classes, which are placed under the superintendence of Mr. W. Bennet, evinced considerable proficiency in Reading and Grammatical Analysis, and also an acquaintance with the elementary parts of Geometry, and the use of the Globes. The specimens of Penmanship were very tastefully executed, and did great credit to the young Gentlemen by whom they were performed. Among the Students, to whom the task of Recitation was allotted, several acquitted themselves creditably, and especially a Boy not seven years old, who delivered "the Beggar's Petition" with such propriety of action, tone, and emphasis, as deservedly elicited the applause of the company.

The Armenian Youths were also examined in their vernacular tongue, by Mr. Aganoor, the Teacher employed in this Department; and those who could judge of their merits expressed themselves on the subject in terms of great commendation.

At the close of the Examination, Gold and Silver Medals, with other appropriate Prizes, were awarded to the successful Candidates, and I quitted the interesting scene, impressed with a very favorable opinion of Mr. Bennet, to whose zeal, assiduity, and talents, is to be ascribed in no small degree the rapid improvement of his Pupils.

Doomtollah, Jan. 15, 1822.

A WELL WISHER.

To Correspondents.

It will require some days for us to bring up our arrears of Correspondence; but we shall do our best to recover the time that has necessarily been much interrupted of late, and beg to assure our Correspondents generally of our readiness to receive whatever Communications of interest they may be prepared to submit to the public eye, under the conditions which we have uniformly observed from the commencement of our labours to the present hour. The Communications now on hand, will appear with the least possible delay.

Shipping Arrivals.

CALCUTTA.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	From Whence	Left
Jan. 19	Madras	British	G. Weltzen	Falmouth	Aug. 5
20	Wellington	British	G. Maxwell	Batavia	Dec. 1
20	La Delphine	French	J. Heraud	Nantz	Sept. 5

Shipping Departures.

CALCUTTA.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	Destination
Jan. 18	Melek-ul-Bhur	Arab	Rosail	Juddah
18	Fyae-ul-Rohbany	Arab	Hussain Gholam	Muscat
18	Morning Star	British	F. Monat	Madras

The GANGES, GOOD SUCCESS, ALBION, and SYREN arrived off Calcutta on Sunday last.

Stations of Vessels in the River.

JANUARY 20, 1822.

At Diamond Harbour.—MEDWAY, outward-bound, remains,—JUPITER, proceeded down,—Bussorah Merchant, outward-bound, remains,—ANN, passed down,—WELLINGTON, MADRAS, and LA DELPHINE (French) on their way to Town.

Kedgerie.—H. C. C. Ship ALBION, and HIPPOLYTA, proceeded down,—FATTALBURY, and CABRASS, outward-bound, remains,—DANUBE (American) proceeded down.

New Anchorage.—H. C. Ships MARQUIS OF WELLINGTON, THOMAS GRENVILLE, PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES, and ROSE.—The two former will sail in a day or two for England via St. Helena.

Sauger.—WILLIAM MILES, outward-bound, remains,—CORNWALLIS, and ALEXANDER (French) gone to Sea on the 19th instant.

Passengers.

List of Passengers per Ship MADRAS, Captain George Weltzen, from Falmouth the 5th of August, and the Cape of Good Hope the 2d of Nov.

From London.—Mrs. Jesse Cathro, Miss K. Sandby, and Lieutenant A. Davidson, of the Bengal Native Infantry. From the Cape of Good Hope.—Mrs. Lambert and 2 Children, and Mr. W. Lambert, Civil Service.—The MADRAS left the Ships RESOURCE, and BOMBAY TRADER, at the Cape.

Passengers per WELLINGTON, from Batavia to Calcutta.—Thomas Miln, Esq. Merchant, Masters W. J. and B. Keasberry.

The WELLINGTON, on the 12th of December, in latitude 3° 50' S. and longitude 90° 30' E. spoke the H. C. Ship VANSITTANT, from Bombay, bound to Batavia and China.

Births.

On the 20th instant, the Lady of JONATHAN ELIOT, Esq. of a Son.

At Mymensing, on the 15th instant, the Lady of C. SMITH, Esq. of the Civil Service, of a Son.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. BRANLAND, of a Son.

At the Hermitage, Bombay, on the 23d ultimo, the Lady of WILLIAM ASHBURNER, Esq. of a Daughter.

Rinaldo, or the Incipient Judge.

A TALE OF WRITERS' BUILDINGS.

CANTO FIRST.

RINALDO WAS a Dandy of renown
In Writer's Buildings founded in Tank Square:
Not one of his associates could own
So fine a stud or pack as he kept there,
Nor one of the Civilians in Town
With him in table, dress, or style compare;
He was the Exquisite—Bang-up—the Thing,
Whether to hunt, race, drive, drink, dance, or sing.

II.

His Mistress loved him for his lovingness
Which she returned with just as much of hers;
His Seniors praised him for the marked address
With which he bow'd to their right reverend Sirs;
His Juniors liked him for his wine and mess,
And equipages which resembled theirs;
The Jockeys galled him for his precious bets;
The Agents helped him—All pushed on his debts.

III.

He studied Persian for a year or more,
And Hindoostanee at the same time read;
He did not relish very much the bore
Of filling with these languages, his head,
But by degrees he so improved his store.
Of "*vox et nil prater*," that he made
Proficiency in Oriental knowledge,
Sufficient to pass out, last year, from College.

IV.

He was appointed at his own request
Assistant to the Magistrate and Judge
Of Zillah So-and-So, which is the best
I think of Zillahs—and I do not fudge—
But as he happened vastly to detest
The thoughts of having by himself to trudge
How far he knew not, to the realms above,
He would not sometime from Calcutta move.

V.

At length he got a letter from a Gent,
(It might be Libel to disclose his name!)
Declaring that unless he shortly went
To So-and-So, he would be much to blame,
And would, of course, oblige the Government
To shew their high displeasure at the same,
By issuing orders to the O—C—A—,
Directing him to cut his monthly pay.

VI.

New he, like number one, had great respect
For this said Gent. who this said letter wrote:
It is not strange then that it had effect
And made him hasten to secure a boat:
He would have been unfortunately peck'd
By duns, had he not quickly gone afloat—
He therefore first his goods and chattels stored,
And afterwards embarked himself on board.

VII.

But he departed not before he gave
A "*burra-k-hana*" elegantly good,
To which he did most graciously crave
The company of all his brotherhood
Who were fine fellows and could chant a stave,
To lead the party to a jovial mood.
It went off gloriously—as few were able,
From excess of Champagne, to quit the table!

VIII.

This entertainment given, he went and paid
A round of visits to his numerous Friends;
The last he call'd upon was ADELAIDE,
To whom he thought he should make some amends

For the attentions shewn and speeches made
By her (*astute*: To answer her own ends?)
Since first he met her at a Bachelor's Ball,
Until the present moment of his call.

IX.

On taking leave, he grasped her lilly hand,
And placed his own exactly on his heart,
Expressing with a tone and accent bland,
"Angelic ADELAIDE! ere I depart
May I one ringlet of your locks demand,
As it may tend to palliate the smart
Which this fond bosom must for ever feel
While far from you" (and here he tried to kneel.)

X.

Yet though I leave you more from fate than choice
To rusticate in an Interior spot,
Oh! your RINALDO always will rejoice
To hear the welfare of his Darlings' lot—
Oh! never shall he cease to raise his voice
In blessing her whom he can marry—not—
Devotion in this breast to you must dwell,
But he cannot—Miss ADELAIDE, farewell."

XI.

Then ADELAIDE exclaimed "RINALDO, rise!
It ill befits you to address me" so;
I know too well how little you disguise
The feelings which you do not wish to shew
And see too clearly," (here she wiped her eyes)
"You do not mean to ask me to bestow,"
She said and wept; and seem'd half broken hearted,
When jilt RINALDO for his district started.

XII.

Now as 'twould prove a rather dull narration
To tell you how on board he made it out,
I shall omit, in toto, the relation
Of what I fancy none care much about;
Suffice he landed safely at his station
O'erjoyed to find an end put to his route:
For what with sameness, sandbacks—thieves, and manjees
Who can admire a voyage on the Ganges?

Maerut, Dec. 15, 1821.

A JOLLY OLD WRITER.

Sporting Intelligence.

CALCUTTA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1822.

Match for 5,000 Rupees.—A. ft.—R. C.

1 Mr. Mitford's b. h. Scud, 8st. 7lbs. (W. Smith),

2 Mr. Treves's ch. h. Restoration, 8st.

5 to 4 on Scud—Time 3' 23"

Match for 50 Gold Mohurs.—T. M.

1 Mr. George's gr. h. Senator, 6 years, 9st. 7lbs. (J. Fox),

2 Mr. Hastie's b. h. Venture, 6 years, 8st. 7lbs.

5 to 4 on Senator—Time 4' 1"

FORFEITS.

Mr. Treves's b. h. Snake, 5 years, 8st. 18lbs. received forfeit from
Mr. Walter's b. f. Thalia, 4 years, 8st. 4lb.—R. C.—100 Gold Mohurs
—h. ft.

Captain Hunter's b. h. Toothpick, 8st. 7lbs. received forfeit from
Captain Mountjoy's ro. ca. h. Escape, 8st.—R. C.—100 Gold Mohurs
—h. ft.

Mr. Walter's ch. c. c. Kingfisher, 3 years, received 35 Gold Mohurs
compensation from Mr. Oakeley's ch. c. f. Irene, 3 years, 8st. 2lbs. each
—G. M.—100 Gold Mohurs—h. ft.

Mr. Treves's ch. h. Restoration, 8st. 7lbs. received from Mr. Mit-
ford's b. h. Wellington, 7st. 7lbs.—R. C.—250 Gold Mohurs.

Mr. Treves's ch. h. Sylphus, 9st. 3lbs. received forfeit from Mr.
Mitford's b. h. Wellington, 7st. 12lbs.—R. C.—200 Gold Mohurs—h. ft.